

Echobrain, Adrift

FOR TOO LONG I STRUGGLE
STRIVE FOR NOTHING COLD EARTH I LAY
ENDINGS CHANGED
I'M OLD UP CLOSE
SPRINGTIMES ARE GONE
BRING THOSE TEARDROPS THOSE DREAMS UPON THIS DAY
ALWAYS UNDONE THEY ALL WORK ROUND TO CREATE THE UPS AND DOWNS
THEY FALL
ONCE YOU'VE FOUND THE GATE CALL THE WIND
YOU KNOW LOVE GROWS BEYOND CALL THE WIND
AS YOU CROSS THE CIRCUMSTANCES THEY CHANGE
PASSION TO ME CALLS AND I WAIT